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Vol. II. No. XI

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1899





An advertisement drawn for MESSRS. PEARS by the late
H. STACY MARKS, R. A.

Pears'—Established over 100 years—20 International Awards—**Pears'**
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A French Artist at New York's French Ball.



TWO SOULS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT—"IS HE GOOD FOR THREE BOTTLES?"

Drawn for the BROADWAY MAGAZINE by Louis Montagne.

Broadway Magazine.

A French Artist at New York's French Ball.



"AT 2 A. M. AND AWFULLY SOBER."

Drawn for the BROADWAY MAGAZINE by Louis Montagne.

Broadway Magazine.

A French Artist at New York's French Ball.



"CAN I TROUBLE YOU FOR A MATCH, DEAR OLD CHAP?"

Drawn for the BROADWAY MAGAZINE by Louis Montagne.

Broadway Magazine.

A French Artist at New York's French Ball.



"DO YOU RECOGNIZE ME, MY DEAR LITTLE CHARMER?"

Drawn for the BROADWAY MAGAZINE by Louis Montagne.

A French Artist at New York's French Ball.



"WHERE ALL MAY SEE NOR CARES FOR STRANGER'S EYES."

Drawn for the BROADWAY MAGAZINE by Louis Montagne.

A French Artist at New York's French Ball.



"OUT INTO THE DARK AND STILLNESS OF THE EARLY MORN."

Drawn for the BROADWAY MAGAZINE by Louis Montagne.

Broadway Beauties.



Copyright, 1898, by B. J. Falk, New York.

LUCILLE FLAVEN.



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Lulu Tabor

Cora Clarke.

Dallas Tyler.

WHO WROTE THE LETTER?

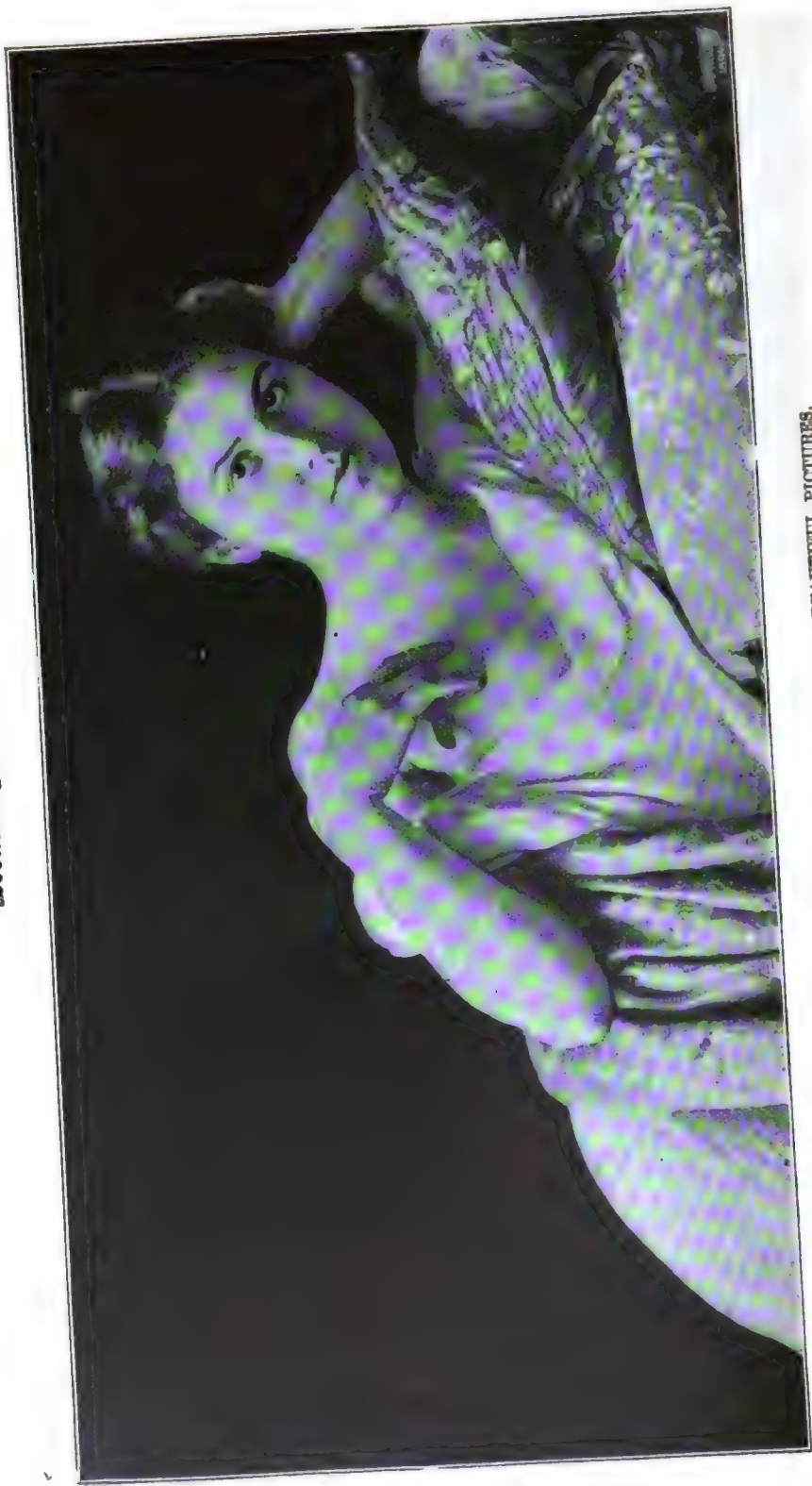


Copyright, 1898, by B. J. Falk, New York.

QUEENIE VASSAR TICKLED TO DEATH.

Miss Vassar, otherwise Mrs. Lynch in private life, certainly looks extremely pleased over something. At any rate, if she isn't, she grossly deceived Mr. Falk's camera. Miss Vassar is a particularly pretty little woman, and as proof we offer this picture which speaks for itself.

Broadway Magazine.



ALICE THILL IN ONE OF THE YEAR'S MOST BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

Copyright, 1926, by E. J. Falk, New York.

BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

February, 1899.

No. 11.



Copyright, 1898, by B. J. Falk, N. Y.

THE young women who appear in the accompanying illustrations are members of a remarkable family of stage beauties. Beauty and talent often run in families, as is proved by many cases on the stage and off. The unique distinction of the Thill Sisters is that there are five of them, all as remarkable for their sparkle as for their histrionic ability.

The Misses Thill are of French extraction, as is indicated by their names—Marie, Alice, Constance, Josephine and Helene—and the elder sisters were born in Alsace-Lorraine, where the family is an old and distinguished one. They have been only a few years in New York, and have been, so to speak, serving their theatrical apprenticeships.

Miss Marie, who differs from the others in being blonde and

blue-eyed, while her sisters are brunettes, was for two seasons a member of Charles Dickson's company. She is at present playing the part of *Lolette* in "Zaza," David Belasco's latest production.

Among the other productions in which the various members of this interesting

quintette have appeared are Madame Modjeska's and Joseph Jefferson's plays, "The First Born," Auguste Van Biene's musical play, "A Musician's Romance," and "On Broadway," Maggie Cline's stellar venture. For two seasons Miss Josephine was with Julia Marlowe in her repertoire.

Alice Thill, whose face would make her a stage success if her proficiency as an actress did not, is now with Sol Smith Russell in his new play, "The Hon. Mr. Griggsby." After the



Copyright, 1898, by B. J. Falk, N. Y.
MARIE THILL.



Josephine, Marie and Josephine.
THE THILLS, TAKEN BY AN AMATEUR.

first of the year Miss Constance is to go with Daniel Frohman; Miss Marie, as aforesaid, is cast for a part in "Zaza," and Helene, the youngest of the group, is also to appear in the Belasco-Carter production.

Helene promises to become the most finished actress of all the sisters, and she is only ten now, but she has already scored some notable successes. Her first stage appearance was made when she was five years old as *Eva*, in the time-honored production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." As *Rags* she was the principal attraction of "On Broadway" two seasons ago. Last season she was the petted child who reunited the divided parents in "A Musician's Romance," a part entirely different from the preceding but one in which she appeared to no less advantage.

Although the littlest Miss Thill naturally plays juvenile parts, her work is not

at all on the juvenile order. It has the finished quality that shows the true actress. Moreover she is fond of the stage, and learns her lines with an ease which is the envy of many an older member of the profession.



Photograph by B. J. Falk, N. Y.
HELENE THILL,
The youngest of the five girls.

As to the natural endowments of the sisters, their photographs taken by B. J. Falk exclusively and reproduced in these pages, afford the most convincing evidence.

Although the Thills are chiefly known for their theatrical successes, the stage does not claim all of the ability in this versatile family. One of the novels of the year, "A Huguenot Sword," is from the pen of a brother, Jean Baptiste Thill, and a short story by Miss Marie Thill was a prize-winner in a

literary competition recently conducted by a popular magazine, in which some of the best story writers of the day took part. The BROADWAY MAGAZINE does not



Four photographs are copyrighted, 1896, by B. J. Falk, New York.

CONSTANCE THILL,
In various poses.

often devote several pages to praise of anyone at any time; but here's an excuse for doing so—and a good one, too. The pictures that accompany this article

are the best possible argument that the Sisters Thill, footlighters, are of more than ordinary numerical and artistic importance.

BARCLAY GRAHAM.

TIME WORKS WONDERS.

MR. PANDY—What a remarkable violinist, and only eight years old!

MR. BLOOKER—Very remarkable, indeed. The little girl has improved greatly since I heard her twelve years ago.

BETTER.

SHE—I don't believe you think half so much of me as Tom Binsley does. He tells me he could die for me.

HE—That's nothing. I love you well enough to live with you.

MADGE LESSING AND LAURA BURT IN "A DANGEROUS MAID."

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. SCHLOSS, NEW YORK.

NOT the least exciting incident in the season's dramatic offerings is the duelling scene between Madge Lessing and Laura Burt in "A Dangerous Maid," which Sydney Rosenfeld adapted from the German. It was first produced at the Casino in New York, but later was sent on the road.

In this piece Miss Lessing and Miss Burt indulge in an angry jealousy that finds its expression in a duel picturesque in the extreme. In fact, the scene in which these

two graceful women parry effectively-delivered strokes saves "A Dangerous Maid" from being a somewhat dull and colorless affair.

One of the requirements of the scene is that the combatants shall divest themselves of some of their clothing; but, be it said to their credit, they accomplish this in a way that would not make a prude die of choking.

Miss Lessing and Miss Burt handle the foils as if to the manner born and Broadway expressed some surprise at their dexterity.



Laura Burt.



Madge Lessing.



When it's all over.

THE MAID WAS FORGIVEN.

MISTRESS (to nurse-girl)—I hear that you are seen quite often speaking to the policemen in the park. I cannot allow that.

ARTFUL MAID—I can't help it, ma'am. All the policemen in the park admire the baby so much—they will stop the carriage to speak to him. They all say that he is the handsomest baby that comes into the park.



Photograph by Johnson, Salt Lake, Utah.
Grace M. Day, who writes the BROADWAY MAGAZINE as follows: "I wish to pose for artists. Am a perfect model of human nature."
That's all.

AN old bachelor says that there is a musical society in the next villa to his residence which is fifty years old, and that "several young ladies have belonged to it since its start."

EQUAL.

"What can equal the warmth of a true woman's love?" asked the dearest girl.

"Hertemper," replied the savage bachelor.

MADGE LESSING AND LAURA BURT IN THE FENCING SCENE FROM
"A DANGEROUS MAID."

(Photograph by Schiøtz, New York)





Photograph by Baker Art Gallery, Columbus, O.

DOROTHY USNER LOSES HERSELF IN A MAZE OF THOUGHT.

And when Miss Usner loses herself, something is wrong. She happens to be about as self-possessed a girl as one could meet. But perhaps it isn't serious. Miss Usner has the happy faculty of posing every time she sees a camera, and as a rule the results are eminently satisfactory. This picture is an especially artistic one, and it is published exclusively in the BROADWAY MAGAZINE. It is too obviously impassive to speak for itself, though the world no doubt will say it is all right.



Photograph by Baker Art Gallery, Columbus, O.

DOROTHY USNER WIDE-AWAKE.

Miss Usner is at present playing in "Why Smith Left Home," and we are not unduly excited when we say that she has made a hit. Miss Usner was to have played the doll in "La Poupée" on the road, but the early demise of that piece knocked her hopes with a dull leaden thump. Miss Usner, however, recovered in time to accept a rôle in the Broadhurst farce, and now she is awaiting an opportunity to come to New York and make the town hold its breath in delighted wonderment.



"THE CHAMPAGNE GIRL."

Design for a poster to advertise a burlesque company.

THE PRILL LILL TWEET.

By PERCIVAL PASH.

Oh, the sky was quill and scrippy,
And carceous was the day,
When a prill lill tweet so pippy
Came siddling upon the way.
She was dressed, I think,
In hallum and pink.
(Hallum's a shade of gray.)

Such a prill lill tweet,
With such tantipotting feet!
So sweet!

Round were her dure
amunnets;
Rich was her ripe red
bleace;
Rare were her radiant
sunnets;
Rosy her fultous
phreece.
And it's oh, I swear,
How the squoblets
there
Would like to have had
a squeece!
Such amunnets dure,
And so clear and pure,
I'm sure!

She glanced with her eyes
columptious
Around her as on she
flew,
And everybody said:
"How scrumptious!"
And waited to slump-
tew.
But never a munn
She gave to one,
For she knew that
wouldn't do.

Such columptious eyes,
And of such a size!
How nize!

But a squoblet nearby, jalling
Himself in a scaudous street,
Had the nerve to come a-palling
Right up to the prill lill tweet.
And said: "Will you
Have a slumpitew?"
With a prop he thought was neat.

Such a squoblet fell
To doddle a twell!
Well, well!

Now the clobelob on the corner
Saw the squoblet's autoglas,
But he hadn't time to warn her,
Though it made him awful jass.
"Begobble! Bejab!"
He exclaimed in plab,
"Oi'll ristle his omphisquass!"

Such a clobelob stout
Would have blicked him out
No doubt.

But a harriole chlave and
gusty,
Who happened to be
insoze,
On the squoblet landed a
tustie,
And patterned him on
the bloaze.
He dirricked his dock
And slocked his
gnocque
And tottied his chin
panoze.

Such a harriole chlave
To make any bave
Behave!

Then the prill lill tweet
most freely
Turned 'round to the
harriole,
And said: "Fuzzywuz
catapeely,
Concordiums less mas-
sarole!"
And of course at that
He fistled his hat
To the slatful little
soul.

Such a lovely show
To motter his jo,
You know



"A squoblet . . . had the nerve to come a-palling
right up to the prill lill tweet."

And the prill lill tweet, a-mether,
And the harriole chlave and glue,
Went off on a swork together,
Which everyone thought they'd do.
And the clobelob grinned
And said: "Oi'll be dinned,
But they do make a brolous two "

Such a scollywoss verse
To make a bib curse,
Or worse.



Photograph by Chickering, Boston, Mass.

ANNA HELD ALL OVER AGAIN.

We publish it because it's good. So here she is again.



Copyright, 1898, by J. Schless, New York.

A CONDENSED VERSION OF HELEN MARLBOROUGH.

In an article in the January BROADWAY MAGAZINE it was remarked that Miss Marlborough's picture was omitted because our pages were too small. We have overcome this difficulty, however, by reducing the camera likeness of the ingenuous Marlborough features, which are presented here in all their classic beauty. Miss Marlborough is a well-known figure on Broadway and rumor hath it that next season may see her at the head of a farce comedy. We refuse to guarantee the truth of the rumor.



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The next issue of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE (March) will be our First Anniversary Number. It probably hasn't occurred to you that we are nearly one year old. No doubt you do not lie awake nights thinking of us and falling out of bed and waking up the man in the next room. However, that does not affect the statement that we will be one year old in March. We must admit that we feel a trifle proud of our approaching birthday. People, lots of them, said we would die in our swaddling clothes and here we are almost ready for teething or any old thing.

Wait. Hold your breath. Then don't do a thing until you see our First Anniversary Number.

* * *

We don't like Ollie Teall, of New York. We don't like any man who allows a fine woman's name to be drawn into a disagreeable divorce suit. It isn't nice.

* * *

Dr. Parkhurst says he won't do something or other. Who the hell cares?

* * *

Did you read the first reports published by the daily papers regarding the marital troubles of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sloane of the New York's smart set? They handled the subject as a child would play with a red-hot poker. Even the sensational dailies can be horribly careful when family affairs of millionaires are discussed. Libel suits are bothersome affairs.

* * *

They say that Jean de Reszke's nose is out of joint. Saléza, Grau's new tenor, did it. Eminent specialists have been consulted and only complete amputation of Saléza will save Jean from permanent disfigurement.

* * *

Marshall P. Wilder tried to uplift the vaudeville stage. At this writing vaudeville is sitting up and with careful nursing will probably recover.

* * *

Have you ever read a magazine called *Knickerbocker and His Island*? Compared with this publi-

cation *Brann's Iconoclast*, whose editor was killed some time ago while writing editorials with a six-shooter, is flabby, tame and colorless. *Knickerbocker and His Island* is, for the effete East, quite the most vividly picturesque and cleverly flamboyant periodical of the times.

* * *

Magistrate Cornell of New York City announced some time ago from the bench that he intended to find out what kind of an enterprise the "N. S. I. for I. the M. of W. and C." was. The great public shares the learned justice's thirst for further information; the N. S. I., etc., etc., stands for "The Nuns' Sectarian Institution for Improving the Morals of Women and Children." The Y. M. C. A., S. P. C. A. and other American institutions must be green with envy. If Justice Cornell, by the way, isn't careful he will surely trip up over that name, lose his balance and turn a double somersault.

NEXT MONTH.

FIRST
ANNIVERSARY
NUMBER
OF

**The Broadway
Magazine.....**

**Nothing Else
Like It on the
News Stands.**

It would be well to tell your newsdealer to save you a copy. The BROADWAY MAGAZINE has an irritating habit of flitting from the stands before the month is half over. Don't be caught. Take time by the forelock and pull it into shape.



SCENE: As indicated by caption. TIME: Any part of it during the day.

WEATHER: Delightful, but immaterial.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: EDITOR, OFFICE BOY, and OTHERS, mostly OTHERS.

(Great excitement heard in the hall. Enter young woman with golden hair, followed by four messenger boys laden with piles of photographs in boxes. The young woman has two similar boxes under her arms, on which her name, Marie Mash, is seen.)

MISS MASH—This the BROADWAY MAGAZINE office? Oh, yes; I see it is! Well, my name's Miss Marie Mash, and I'm at the Pollywogs' Theatre, and I'm awfully good as Pippitypip, the Persian Pageboy!

OFFICE BOY—That's what, miss—(sees her escort)—Gee whillikins, what's dem?

MISS MASH—Those? Oh, those are me pictures.

OFFICE BOY—Your who?

MISS MASH—Me pictures. I know you like to have the pictures of pretty girls in your Magazine, so I brought you mine—647 of them; all different.

OFFICE BOY—Say, youse must board at de photographer's; but we don't want all dem. One of 'em'll do. You kin give de rest to de deservin' poor, see?

MISS MASH—Well, if the editor only wants one he's real mean, and so are you, and you're a little brat, and—(Exit in great dudgeon.)

OFFICE BOY (passing handkerchief over his face)—Hully gee!

(Enter Nice Old Gentleman.)

NICE OLD GENTLEMAN (after attentively studying the words BROADWAY MAGAZINE on the door of office)—Ahem! Can you tell me, my lad, if this is the office of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE?

OFFICE BOY—Well, it's a good imita-

tion, old feller. It's de best we got, anyhow. What do youse want?

NICE OLD GENTLEMAN—Well, I came to see if I could get here—ahem—about ten or twelve sample copies of the paper.

OFFICE BOY—Why, soytenly. Which ones d'yer want? They's ten cents each.

NICE OLD GENTLEMAN—Ten cents? My, my; aren't your sample copies free?

OFFICE BOY—Not in dis place, Methusalem! Turn to de left, den to de right and straight ahead for seven years and den you'll get somethin' fer nothin', but not in dis climate, Peter Cooper. Next!

(Exit nice old gentleman hurriedly but magazineless. Enter at same time highly-dressed individual, with red necktie, trousers turned up at the bottom, tall hat, and marked English accent.)

INDIVIDUAL—I say, you boy, I want to see the blooming editor!

OFFICE BOY—Our editor ain't blooming this week, mister; but—

INDIVIDUAL—Why, look heah, don't you know! The ideah came upon me like a flash of thundah, don't you know. I was walking along Broadwaigh this awfternoon, and some beastly beggah came up to me, and he says—I give you me word—he says—

OFFICE BOY (impudently)—Good bye, Johnny Bull; you got the grip. Git along and drink a hard-boiled egg.

INDIVIDUAL (going out with injured air)—Beastly mannaahs these demmed American newspaper fellahs have, on me word. Really, the beggahs are positively—aw—

(Scene closes in, leaving him sputtering.)

INKPOT HARRY,



"THE FINAL CHARGE OF THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER."

From a snapshot taken by a reader of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE. What's her name? Guess again.

WANTED: STILL MORE.

"I learn through your agent that you have bought the properties on either side

of your residence, and got them dirt cheap. How did you manage it?"

"Easily enough. My wife is an elocutionist, my daughter plays the piano, George plays a cornet, I play the violin, Bob plays a banjo, Charley rattles the bones, and little Johnnie has a drum."



MR. JONES.

To whom nothing happened.

RIGHT.

TEACHER—
What do we see above us when we go out on a clear day?

TOMMY— We see the blue sky.

"Correct. And what do we see above us on a rainy day?"

"An umbrella."



THE PROFESSOR.



THE DOCTOR AND THE SPINSTER.



THE INGÉNUÉ.

In all the glory of frowzy hair.



ONE OF THE FUGITIVES.

AS THE ENGLISH SEE "WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES."
(Pen pictures by Byrne of the English players in this American play.)

BROADWAY SILHOUETTES.

By HOFFMAN AULIC.

ISABELLE IRVING has been pretty heavily slated for work in "The Liars," the charge being that she was too affected for any use whatsoever. I



Isabelle Irving.

don't altogether agree with The Man On Broadway and the other self-constituted critics who have deemed it advisable to haul Miss Irving over the coals. In the first place, the part played by her in "The Liars" is that of a silly sort of a young matron who insists on falling in love with a man not her hus-

band and letting every one all over the place know it. She is an affected little devil and Miss Irving, in playing her as such, no doubt followed out the ideas of the author.

YOU remember, of course, when "The French Maid" was played at the Herald Square Theatre. You also, perhaps, have some recollection of having been invited to see the substitution of Olive Redpath for the buxom, flashing-eyed Marguerite Sylva. Well, here is Miss Redpath in all her glory, which really is considerable.



Copyright by
Ackwood, New York.
Olive Redpath.

Miss Redpath is not one-half as French as Marguerite Sylva, but this is the fault of nature who, in moulding Miss Sylva, wrote Parisienne all over her. But Miss

Redpath has a seductive little dimple, and the college boys down in New Haven and Cambridge swear by that dimple. But Miss Redpath is demure just the same.

JIMMIE POWERS in "A Runaway Girl" is funny. That's why I present him here. This is the suit he wears in Augustin Daly's musical comedy. While the

coat doesn't make the man it cannot be said that this particular coat does not cut some figure in the merry existence of Mr. Powers. The comedian is shown as he appears while singing some of the tuneful ditties to be found in generous layers in "A Runaway Girl."



James T. Powers.

ETHEL BARRYMORE has turned out to be a beautiful woman. She is tall and willowy and stunning in every way, and if she will only shake off her lethargy a little, she is bound to very much interest us.

Miss Barrymore has most winning eyes, albeit they are rather lazy-looking, but they are attractive just the same, and are bound to cause havoc in years to come.



Ethel Barrymore.

GRACE FREEMAN was one of the pretty girls that flashed before our vision when "A Stranger in New York" was first produced. Than she bobbed up on Broadway again in "A Dangerous Maid," and Broadway didn't object. She is slight and girlish and all right.

THERE were a good many people who were ready to believe that Sadie Martinot would not continue to play in "The Turtle" for many weeks. And yet after some months we find her

playing the same old part in the same old way and apparently growing fat and rosy over it, too. Miss Martinot is quite as debonair as she was in the days of old.



Grace Freeman.



Sadie Martinot.



A THEATRICAL POSTER OF DECIDED ORIGINALITY.

Reproduced from color sketch by Penrhyn Stanlaws, a young artist who is making rapid strides, and whose girls are as fetching as they are unique. Look out for the Stanlaws girl. She's coming.



"TRY THAT DANCE AGAIN, MISS JONES."

And just as the stage manager said it, artist De Bols made the sketch and the whole world is made happier and brighter by this exploitation of liveliness and lace. Perhaps it would sound better if we were to make the stage manager say, "Try that dance again, Miss Wotherspoon," but the lady's name was Jones, and as we love truth as a waiter loves tips we give the name just as it is. This rehearsal scene, by the way, is from a production that will be seen on Broadway if the backer will show his love for the drama by putting up \$25,000 inside of thirty days.

A FEARFULLY FRENCH STORY.

AFTER GUY DE MAUPASSAUT.



"Oh, the men. How they are the persistent!"



MONG DU! Si je ne suis pas tired, then call me one lobster!

Oh, the men! How they are the persistent! From morning till night—oh, mong du!

How ennuyée to be a woman beautiful! If I were

"Oh, how they me squeeze!"

but the ugly lady, then I should have peace certamment, but no, the men, soldiers and civilians, love to be at my feet. The militaires they affect the pride, but in the end they kneel at these feet. Mong du! These feet are so vaire small. Oh yez!

Why is it that they like to kiss me the face? Who can tell? Oh, how they me squeeze—oh, oh, oh, oh! Oh, mong du! They crush me tight and press me to their vests and then kiss—kiss—kiss! And I—I say to myself: "Mong du! Is



"The militaires, they affect the pride."



it that he is rich?" N'est-ce pas?

And when shall it be that I marry? To whom shall I surrender myself? Oh, mong du! The husband—will he love me? Will he treasure me above all other women! NO! I marry myself to no soft marque comme cela!

Well, it is time to dress pour l'opéra. Oh, l'opéra! More men at my feet! Oh, les hommes!! Oh, mong du!!!

P. P.

More men at my feet!"



Photograph by Alfred Ellis, London.

CONNIE EDISS, A WELL-KNOWN ENGLISH MUSIC HALLER.

IN STREET AND STAGE COSTUME IN THE SAME PICTURE.

You will note that she is holding an animated conversation with herself. This is a photographic trick, the technical details of which are not as interesting as the result. This picture is the first one of the exact character ever published in America.

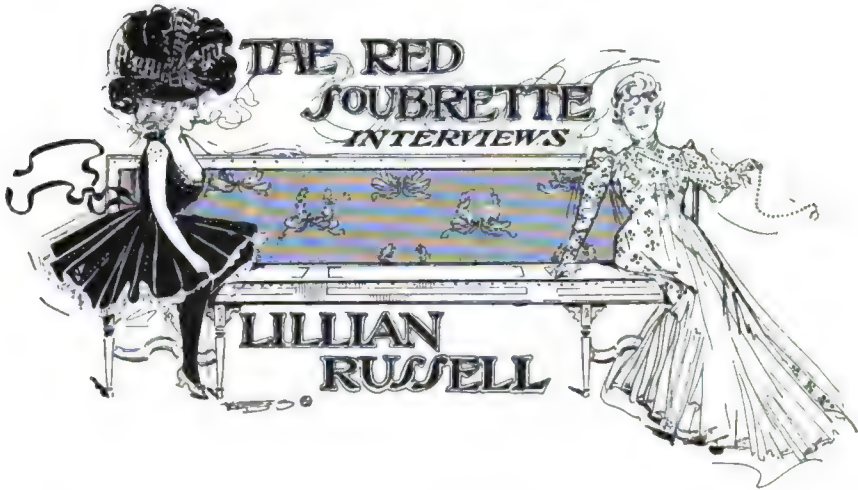


Photograph by Alfred Ellis London.

HILDA SPONG,

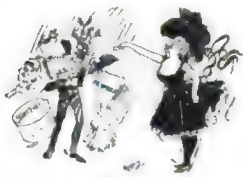
THE NEW ENGLISH BEAUTY AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE, NEW YORK.

Miss Spong, whose name is as abrupt as it is unusual, was recently imported for the special purpose of strengthening the Lyceum Theatre company. Mary Mannering (Mrs. James K. Hackett) is another English girl who is a member of this organization. Just why Daniel Frohman should find it necessary to go abroad for his talent it is impossible to say. But go abroad he does and he has not always made a wise move by so doing. Miss Spong, who is now playing in "Trelawny of the Wells," is a pretty woman, although this fact is almost wholly disguised by her make-up in the Pinero play. In this she wears crinoline, which is equivalent to saying that her best friend wouldn't know her. Miss Spong was heralded as a beauty. She will be obliged to discard crinoline if she wants to make Mr. Frohman's press-agent feel that he is a budding flower of truth and innocence.



SA-AY, I'm in luck. Listen.

"Sou," says the editor, "I wish you would go up and interview Lillian Russell about her foreign trip;" and he smiled a hyena smile as if he wanted to melt me into subjection. You see, the editor has been very decent to me since I fooled him on the Augustin Daly deal.



"He looked like a Thompson Street Santa Claus."

"All right," says I. "Perhaps I'll go this afternoon; then again, perhaps I won't." I believe there's nothing like jumping on a man when he's down.

But I went. At two o'clock I jumped out of my cab in front of the swell Ariston apartment house on upper Broadway.

"Take this card to Miss Russell," says I to the dark boy in the hall. Honest, he looked like a Thompson street Santa Claus. His arms were full of letters and

packages of all kinds.

"These is fer Miss Russell," says the boy; "and there's a lot more down in the ice chest," says he with tears in his eyes. He came back in a few minutes and says, "Miss Russell is taking a shower bath of honey and dew, but—a—she will be glad to see you."

Up I went in the elevator to the Russell suite occupying several floors on the third story. I was ushered into the sitting-room by a dark-complexioned girl, who I have since learned was imported by the prima donna to match a swell poodle she received last year from a Polish count with a red moustache.

In about five minutes the girl returned and says her mistress would see me in her jewel room; and there I found her wearing a pair of smoked glasses and polishing a few yards of diamonds.

"Good morning, Sou," says she with one of those smiles that make the men grow dizzy. "Want to interview me, eh? All right. I'll give you just ten minutes, for I'm very busy."



"Wearing a pair of smoked glasses and polishing a few yards of diamonds."



"I never give Fido any coffee before the gas is lighted."

how do the German theatres compare with those in America?"

"Oh, yes," says she again, "I have a few handfuls of stones. These," says she, running her hands through a boxful on the mantle, "are my rainy day affairs. They don't amount to much. They cost only a few thousands," she added.

Then she put away her scrubbing brush, shoved some of the stones in the fire-place and told her maid to put the balance in the trunk-room down in the cellar, after which she invited me to have a cup of coffee. "This coffee," she told me as we sat at the table, "was sent me by the Quonsalbo of Umphmataria." The dog sat with us. I suggested that he, too, might like some coffee.

"Oh, I never give Fido any coffee before the gas is lighted. The poor fellow is so nervous, you know. Aren't you, Fido?" And Fido barked and cracked a cut-glass sugar bowl.

"And now," says I, "tell me about your appearances in some of the other cities on the continent."

"Well, I manage to keep pretty busy. I'm going to drive in Central Park this afternoon; this evening I shall go to the opera, after which—"

At that moment the chocolate boy came in with another armful of telegrams. She opened a few. One made her angry. She excused herself for a moment, wrote a telegram and showed it to me. It read: "Manager Flallal Theatre, Pittsburgh, Pa.: Wouldn't accept your offer of twelve thousand dollars an hour unless you throw in your old theatre. Please don't bother me, L. Russell."

"Wouldn't they make you tired?" says she. And I said they would.

"Did the newspapers treat you nicely over there?" I asked.

"Oh, by the way," she answered cheerfully, "come out and see my art gallery." We went out into a long, high room all covered with pictures of tenors and



"Did some stunts as she sang, 'Only a Sprig of Oolong Tea.'"

things. "Here," she says, pointing to a row of pictures done up in black ebony frames, "are some of the men who have been Mr. Russell. They'd make a nice frieze, wouldn't they," she says with a pleasant smile. I suggested that she enter them in next year's Academy Exhibition and call them "A Full House." She made a note of it.

"And now, Lil," I says, wishing to draw the interview to a close, "will you tell me—?"

"Lil," I began, "I'd like to know what you think of Germany and—"

"Don't you think," says she sweetly, "that Fido goes very well with this wrapper?" To tell the truth, I hadn't seen Fido before. There he was, sitting demurely on her train, occasionally trying to swallow his diamond-studded collar.

"Isn't he beautiful!" says I, trying to look interested. Then getting back to business: "And



"They'd make a nice frieze, wouldn't they?"

"Why, cert'nly. Come right this way and I'll show you how I keep thin." We went into a room that looked like the gymnasium I attend at the Young Women's Christian Association. Miss Russell put on a bloomer suit and began to juggle dumb-bells to beat the band. She jumped on a flying trapeze and did some stunts as she sang "Only a Sprig of Oolong Tea." When it was all over I started to sit down, but she says, "Now, if there's anything more I can tell you, let me know quickly, as I must go and dress for my drive."

"Thank you for your generosity," says I, with tears in my eyes. "Perhaps our readers would like to know if you intend to go back to Europe this year."

She reflected for a moment. Then says she sweetly: "My dear girl, how foolish. You really haven't bored me a bit. Come again any time and ask all the questions you like."

I shook her hand in an ecstasy of delight. Fido saw me as far as the elevator. Just as I was coming out another messenger came with a telegram.

When I reached the sidewalk Miss Russell called from the front window, "It's all right, 'Sou.' He throws in the theatre."

And that's how I interviewed Lillian Russell.

THE RED SOUBRETTE.



Gin Fizzes and Things.

CHAMBERLYN'S ILL-LUCK PURSUES HIM.—A. H. Chamberlyn, who brought out "The Sorrows of Satan" at the Broadway Theatre, is not the happiest man in America; in fact, I saw him the other day and he looked anything but debonair. There was around his eyes the look of a man who thinks he has had a fixed hand dealt him. Chamberlyn hasn't any particular reason for feeling happy over the results of his ventures in the past few years. Those who follow theatricals know all about his turbulent reign at the Shaftesbury Theatre in London. Over there Chamberlyn experienced the hardest kind of hard luck and the papers gave him an unmerciful basting into the bargain. I am told that he is ready and able to cope with a good many failures in this country before giving up. The Seligmans, New York's big bankers, are, I believe, ready to help him and his associates out of any ordinary financial difficulties, although I'll not vouch for this statement. If this manager would only now bring out a candid production and call it "The Sorrows of Chamberlyn" he might rea-

sonably expect to play before more than the orchestra and two barbers from Eighth Avenue who get in on passes.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE HOWARD GOULDS—Don't make any mistake about the Howard Goulds. They have arrived. Mrs. Gould's altogether charming personality and her happy knack of doing gracefully the right thing at the right time—you remember her charity to all those children during the holidays—have served to shed a very soft and becoming light on her. She does not pose, however, and is all the more attractive, therefore. Howard himself is attending strictly to business, and those who know him best are making bets that his hand will be clearly shown in some of the big deals of the year. Take my word for it. Keep your eye on the Howard Goulds, and you will be surprised.

ROSENTHAL'S WAY OF DOING THINGS.—J. J. Rosenthal, the man who is managerially responsible for "Brown's in Town," always evokes my most ardent admiration. He is one of the few men

who have the courage of their convictions and who is willing to work a few hours every day in the year for success. "Jake" Rosenthal doesn't harbor very many illusions about the theatrical business. He has no use for beautiful theory. He once explained to me that his whole object in dealing with the public was to "get them into the theatre." That's a pretty good plan to work on and doesn't leave much room for argument. If a manager can only "get them in" he is able to let everything else go hang and leave the other elusive devices of the profession to the men who can always save or spend the money that others make but who couldn't, to save their souls, bring in five dollars to the box-office window.

GUSHING OVER OTERO.—I see that some of the writers on the English papers have slopped over on the question of Otero, who has been appearing in the London music-halls. One gentleman on a big illustrated weekly over there says among other things: "Otero is still the same sparkling vision of beauty that we admired when she was last here. There is about her all the seduction of an Eastern houri combined with the higher and more lasting charm of our Western temperament and with all this there is the witchery of a woman who can love and be loved." All of which is as insane as it is conspicuously asinine. Otero has no more magnetism

than a rubber shoe and about as much cleverness as a wet sponge. It took New York just one night to discover these facts and there was not a single young man of the town who so much as lost his head over her for one consecutive minute. It takes your cold, phlegmatic Englishman to make a prime idiot of himself over a petticoat when he really gets started.



Photograph by Falk, New York.

MAE LOWERY.
Also quite shapely.

VICTORY BATEMAN'S PLIGHT.—Victory Bateman simply went "the pace" that killed and at last reached the stone-wall of the Inevitable. I have never looked upon Miss Bateman as a dramatic genius, but she was a clever woman and perhaps one of the best of those who for years have stuck to the stock company grind without trying to better themselves to any great extent. Her family history is an interesting and altogether unusual one, and if told in detail would make the world more charitable towards her. It will be remembered that a Mrs. John Burke accompanied Miss Bateman to Bellevue Hospital some weeks ago. Few recognized Mrs. Burke as Lizzie Creese, the mother of Victory Bateman.

EDDIE FOY DOESN'T LOVE NEW YORK.—If Eddie Foy ever tries again to make a hit on Broadway he will surprise those who know his present disappointment. I saw Foy during the last week of his appearance in "Hotel Topsy Turvy" at the Herald Square Theatre

and his performance was decidedly funny. But New York has never agreed with Chicago that Eddie Foy is a great comedian and he certainly did not draw crowds to the Herald Square. Neither did he draw well when he played Walter Jones' part in "In Gay New York." If Mr. Foy really wants to be happy he should not stray any farther from Monroe Street than possible.

IT'S UP TO THE FATHER NOW.—Prodigious efforts have been made to hide all evidences of a recent quarrel between a well-known Broadway manager and his exceedingly pretty wife. A handsome leading man is mixed up in the affair and although his own wife, also prominent on the stage, still believes in his constancy, the manager swears vengeance. The supposedly guilty wife occupies a position of more than ordinary security from the fact that her father is one of her husband's backers and has threatened to withdraw his support if the matter is made public. At the present time the manager and his wife are occupying separate rooms at the same hotel, the leading man is fearful lest his own wife shall change her faith in him and the father holds the key to the whole situation. It's a very pretty quarrel as it stands and would require only the merest spark to make it flash into a perfect Vesuvius of sensation and heartburnings. All eyes are on papa and the manager.

LILLIAN RUSSELL'S "LITTLE" GIRL NO LONGER.—It is not generally known

that Lillian Russell, Jr., is now quite a young lady, but time flies even when we don't count the days and it is no longer "Lillian Russell's little girl." She is now nearly nineteen years old and, while not by any means possessing all the beauty of her mother, is a clear-eyed, handsome young American girl of evident good breeding. Lillian Russell has seen to it that her daughter shall have all the advantages of education and excellent training that money can buy. This daughter of hers is the very apple of her eye and she has definitely decided that she shall have nothing to do with

the stage, if a mother's counsel and wishes cut any figure.



Photograph by Schioma, New York City.

BLANCHE WALSH IN A NEW LIGHT.

THOSE THREE DOLLAR TABLE D'HOTES.—New York became unduly excited when it was learned that Sherry was selling table d'hotes, singly or in blocks of five, for the small sum of three dollars each. The regular price of a table d'hote in New York is fifty cents, and for that reason

you can imagine how the old veterans who have passed through many a tussle with beef *a la mode* and purple ink must have flocked to Sherry's! The table d'hote habit is almost as deadly as opium or the races, and quite as insidious. The man who can survive these inventions of the devil for a whole week can stand anything and is a lost soul. Up to date, I have not heard of any serious damage done to the West Twenty-fifth Street resorts by the three dollar feasts at Sherry's. Strangely enough, society took to the idea. Perhaps it believes that it gets into touch with Bohemia by

eating table d'hotes at any price. That's what Ollie Teall thought when he first came to New York, and was ready to eat or drink any old thing if he could only call an artist or a newspaper man by his first name.

YOLANDE WALLACE AS SHE IS.—The picture of Yolande Wallace presented in this department is interesting because it shows to what degree a woman can preserve all the physical appearances of youth without being too ascetic in her method of living. Miss Wallace loves life. She has never been accused of being prim. She loves good living and when she plays in New York her face is a familiar one at the Broadway restaurants, where the good things of life are a religion. Still, see for yourself that this fact has not changed her from the graceful, clean-limbed woman we used to admire in some of the Rice productions. This seems to be a complete refutation of the argument that Broadway sings the wings and makes gross the filmiest of the fabric feminine.

G. EDWARDY TO STAR?—I wonder if there is any truth in the story that Jerome Edwardy has found an angel and will next season star in a musical comedy. She's a devilish pretty girl, but it will take more than one angel to make a star of her.

FISKE VS. NOBODY.—Can it possibly be a fact that a truce is to be patched up between Harrison Gray Fiske and the Theatrical Syndicate? Put me down as one of the nonbelievers.

PUBLIC NOTICE:—

I refuse most positively to disclose the identity of "The Red Soubrette." I am asked a dozen times a week who she or he is, where she or he lives and when he or she can be seen. I am so tired of parrying these questions that I take this opportunity of making folks understand that I do not know, that I do not care, that it is none of my business. Incidentally it is no one else's.

MR. COMSTOCK IS WAITING.—Mr. Alexander Comstock is worried. He doesn't know whether to build a new Broadway music hall, to bring over Patti next season or to play his own version of Hamlet. In all these laudable designs the public shows a want of interest that is almost crushing. Mr. Comstock has therefore decided to take out another company of minstrels.

Later: Mr. Comstock has abandoned his minstrel scheme until the railroads have adopted a new

snow plough now under consideration.

P. S.—Still later: Mr. Comstock continues to think and his friends fear brain fever. THE MAN ON BROADWAY.



Photograph by Chickering, Boston, Mass.

A PICTURE OF YOLANDE WALLACE, Showing that good living does not mar her physical charms.

TALES OF BROADWAY.

No. XI.

BOBBIE'S RINGS. AN INCIDENT.

By GORDON PALMER.

Bobbie Van Campen was in the seventh heaven of delight. He was walking down Broadway with Cora Flutter of the Casino—an honor he had dreamed of from his very first college days.

"I say, Cora," said Bobbie as a great thought imbedded itself in his diminutive brain, "let's walk over on Fifth Avenue and pass the Calumet Club. I want the fellows to see us." You see Bobbie was rather callow and very conceited.

"All right, Bobbie," said Cora. "But first I've got to drop into Gattle's and price a ring I saw there yesterday. Come along"—and Bobbie was dragged to a doom that cost him exactly fifty dollars. Then they dropped over to Fifth Avenue and Bobbie felt that at last he was to get some value for his little expenditure. They strolled up on the east side of the street. Unfortunately, just before they reached the Calumet Club, one of the members had in a whisper invited everyone to have a drink and nine men broke their legs in getting into the café leaving the windows merely aching voids. Bobbie was mad. Had he spent fifty dollars without the glory of showing Cora to the un-serried ranks of the Calumet?

"What's the matter, Bobbie?" asked Cora with a solicitous smile. "Does your shoe pinch?" It did, but Bobbie wouldn't say what kind of a shoe it was.

"Confound it to the very dickens and the deuce," he said, with an oath only possible with a Calumet man. "I wish we could meet some one I know and—"

Then he did something remarkable. He made a flying leap for the opposite side of the street, flew past a policeman who didn't know whether to arrest him or not, and was half way down the block towards Fourth avenue before a tall, swinging brunette whom he had seen and who had seen him from a distance, reached the corner where Cora was standing. The tall brunette looked mad. Cora looked astonished. Then the brunette broke into a merry laugh.

"I wouldn't wait for Mr Van Campen," said she confidently to Cora. "We're engaged to be married but I shall send back his ring to-morrow," and she looked as if she meant it.

"How strange," said Cora pleasantly. "Bobbie has just bought me a ring. But I'm going to keep it."

And Cora meant it too.

And now the Calumet chappies are wondering why Bobbie Van Campen looks so disconsolate and why he keeps away from Broadway and never looks a jewelry store in the face.

And Cora says nothing; but she likes that ring better than ever.



"He was walking down Broadway with Cora Flutter of the Casino."



"There are six necessities, you know, for a happy marriage."
 "What are they?"
 "First, a good husband."
 "And the others?"
 "The other five are money."

THE WEEKLY YELLER "PI."

By JAMES B. NORTON.

"BOUNCED, am I?" said Peters to himself bitterly, as he stood over his case in the composing room of the *New York Weekly Yeller*.

Peters' work was setting up the "ads." He went over to the galleys which held these advertisements and looked them over carefully. Pulling a proof—Chinese fashion—he was soon engaged in manipulating them according to his own

sweet fancy. And he smiled devilishly.

* * * * *

The next issue of the *Weekly Yeller* sold like hot cakes, but no extra edition was printed to meet the urgent demand of the frenzied public.

Peters had waited until the proof-reader had meandered through the last proof, and this was the result of his ingenuity:

Extract of YOURS FOR
Beef for 5 CENTS
A DAY.
Pretty Eyebrows

HEAD AND HAIR

All for \$10.00.

Extraordinary Offer.

NEVER BEATEN

DEAF Woman
Just as
Good
as New
TEN CENTS.

Lovely ...
Complexion

RESTORED BY \$18 A WEEK
Stove Polish EASY

ATTAR OF ROSES
BETTER THAN RUBBER
ABSOLUTELY ODORLESS

The Art and Etiquette of Making
Beecham's Pills and

SAPOLIO

GIRLS AND BOYS **FREE. A GREAT**
OPPORTUNITY.

Money in **Medical Wisdom**

The Youth's See that
Companion **hump?**
A Gift at the Price!

A GOOD COOK WITH
HAIR on the FACE
30 Days Free of Charge

FRENCH **Safe Cure**
DRESSING FOR CHAPPED HANDS

I WANT A

\$2.76 SUIT FOR \$5.00

Perfect Picture **A BEAUTY**

Pride of  **the**
Kitchen
I CURE FITS

WANTED
CORN SALVE
FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

ONE DOLLAR **FREE**
Costs you nothing to try it.

You have **60** **MINUTES OF**
Backache **YOUR TIME?**
HIGHEST GRADE

Robert G. Ingersoll
MANUFACTURER OF
Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Backache,
Asthma, Hay Fever, Catarrh, Sleeplessness, Nervousness,
Nervous and Neuralgic Headaches, Heart Weakness,
Toothache, Earache, Croup, "La Grippe," Malaria,
Creeping Numbness, Bronchitis, Etc.

DISTINGUISHED WRITERS **USE**
FACE BLEACH

\$250 IN GOLD GIVEN AWAY
AT YOUR OWN
PRICE

STAMMER
FOR MUSIC

FAT LADIES
FREE

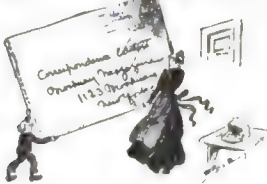


TWO PRETTY FRENCH WOMEN OF THE STAGE.
Valois, a music hall dancer.



Alberta Desplains, an actress of much talent.

ARTLESS TO COPIOUS ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS



SUSIE. You ask us to inform you how to keep your hands always nice, smooth, pretty, and clean. A good way is to keep out of politics.

MRS. BROWN. If the tame elephant you are keeping in your Harlem flat is in the habit of running away whenever it gets a chance, why don't you tie his leg to something? Attach one end of a stout chain to the elephant's left hind paw and the other to a small cake of limburger cheese. The elephant will never escape as long as the cheese doesn't want him to.

SCOLLYWOPS. No, Scolly, it is not a safe thing to slash ladies' skirts in New York City—at least it isn't safe when you're caught. What particular sensation of pleasure you may

get out of such manœuvres is your own affair, but you'll find it healthier to slash the skirts of chance than the skirts of New York women.

JOHNNY. It is useless for you to save up in order to buy a ticket to Manila so as to go and shoot Indians there. There are no Indians in this year's Manila. Stay to hum, Johnny, and don't get nervous.

EDITOR. We hardly think you were justified in asking the magistrate, when he fined you \$3 for being drunk and disorderly, if he would take it out in advertising in your paper. You ought to have known that such arrangements are never made.

DEACON PIP. Your surprise at being addressed as "Ginger Whiskers" on the street by a young lady whom you had never seen before is natural enough, but it should have stopped there. Of course, your idea of persuading her to see the error of her ways by accompanying her home was highly laudable and the loss of your watch and ready cash makes us sympathize heartily with you; still, you ought to have known better. Bring your nurse next time you come to New York.



Advertisements under head of "Personals" must be brought to the office of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE in person, and the "Personals" clerk will converse only with perfect ladies and gents. Bring along your birth certificates and vaccination papers to save delay. Rates, as much as we think you'll stand.

BEAUTIFUL WIDOW, with elegant figure, will be glad to faint in gentleman's arms for a consideration. Gentleman must be refined as Hades. Address CURVES, Box 1.

YOUNG MAN with money and long arms is willing to embrace any opportunity. Opportunities must send photographs. AMRUS, Box 17243.

INFORMATION WANTED. Who will lend me \$100? NERVE, Box 8.

IF THE YOUNG LADY, whose garter was found by gentleman in cable car Wednesday night, will call, it will be returned upon proper proof of ownership. READY, 2 Steenth Street.

JACK. Return this side of the grave and you'll get a soaker. Keep away and be popular. JAMES.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. Go to blazes. WAT TELL.

WILL THE WOMAN with the pink eyelashes, who smiled all over her face at the man with the Cyrano de Bergerac nose and the park-hurstish whiskers in the 23rd Street car last week when it went off the track owing to the fact that a colored woman with a baby offered to give the baby's dinner to the conductor if the baby wouldn't be good and take it herself drop a note to him (meaning the man with the nose and not the conductor) saying when she can meet him and go and dine off a plate of snow and a glass of tumbler? Take your time. IT.

T. PLATT. Things are booming. J. CHOATE.



"So she's gone on the stage, has she? What's her position?"

"Well, I don't know exactly, but I saw her in the chorus last night and everybody seemed to think she stood well."



"Oh, dear, these women's clubs are not what they're cracked up to be. After all, there's nothing like the men to have around."

"Well, there's the club steward. Let's have him up and tell him to swear for a few minutes."

BROADWAY SNAPSHOTS.

By LEE HARRISON'S CAMERA.



DAVE WARFIELD.

I'M still alive, and no one has offered to facilitate my entry into the next world by firing a thirteen-inch shell in my direction.

You will see Mr. Warfield's classic face depicted on this page. Mr. Warfield doesn't like cameras, but I have grown stony-hearted, and my kodak grinned diabolically and swallowed a likeness of D. W. before he knew it.

Mr. Bernard looks exceedingly put out about something, I know; but it's nothing serious. Mr. Bernard isn't scowling at a policeman, a cable-car motorman, or at yours truly; in fact, he was quite amiable that day. He braved all the terrors of grip to stand bareheaded, as you see him. Then the sun came out and shone full into his hazel eyes and made him look as if he were angry at everything in general. I feel that this explanation is due Mr. Bernard, and I make it now so that I shall not be obliged to do so later on at the point of a pistol.

It should be unnecessary for me to tell you who the third and last man is. In case,



SAM BERNARD.

however, you are not acquainted with the purring beauty of Mr. Peter F. Dailey, allow me to present him to you. Mr. Dailey, you will find, ladies and gentlemen, is kind and intelligent, and any questions you may care to ask will be gladly answered by him. Mr. Dailey, I may add, is also unaware that this picture has been taken. Like all comedians, he prefers to live his pure young life in the seclusion of his chateau on the banks of the Hudson, but for all that I have no hesitancy in putting his features on exhibition herewith.

If you want to lose all sense of the eternal fitness of things just buy a camera that doesn't belong to a labor union, and make it work overtime.

Yours till later,

LEE HARRISON.

P. S.—No connection with any other house of the same name.



"Annie, do you think I look O. K.?"

"Sure, mum; you look P. D. Q., which they tell me means pretty darn cute."



PETE DAILEY.

WHO THEY ARE.

Emma Abbott was Mrs. Eugene Wetherell.
Maud Adair is Mrs. Will E. Burton.
Constance Albaugh is Mrs. F. E. Henderson.
Mme. Albani was Mrs. Ernest Gye.
Marietta Albani was the Countess Peppoli.
Gypsey Alcott, née Josephine Hill, is now Mrs. Carl Martin.

Laura Alexander is Mrs. Louise Invernizzi.
Kate Allen is Mrs. Henry V. Donnelly.
Kitty Allyne is divorced from Fred. Huber.
Nard Almayne, née Ada Varley, is Mrs. Nelson Decker.

Lillian Alvord is divorced from Jas. B. Bradley.

Annie Louise Ames is Mrs. Jean Jaques.
Lizzie Anderson is Mrs. Henry Morris.
Mary Anderson is Mrs. Antonio de Navarro.
Mrs. Wm. Anderson was Euphemia Jefferson, sister to Joseph Jefferson.

Virginia Aragon, the equilibrist, is Mrs. Frank Marlo.

Belle Archer was Isabel Mingle and is now the wife of Herbert Archer.

Helia Archmere is Mrs. Fred. Lucier.
Ollie Archmere, née Berry, now known as Eloise Morgan, is Mrs. George Morgan.

Addie Moore Armstrong is Mrs. F. A. Altbrandt.

Lillie M. Armstrong is Mrs. J. E. Lewis.
Sydney Armstrong's real name is Sydney Wells.

Etta Askren is Mrs. Geo. F. Clark.
Alice Atherton, née Hogan, is the wife of Willie Edouin, of England.

Marie Austin is Mrs. Lee Welsh.
Ramie Austin is Mrs. Dore Davidson.

Frankie Bailey is the widow of Frank Robinson and (previously) the divorced wife of General McLewee.

Hannah Bailey is Mrs. Harry J. Sargeant.
Josephine Bailey is Mrs. Walter Eyttinge.

Nettie Baker is Mrs. E. D. Farnum.
Henrietta Baker was the widow of Frank Chanfrau; she is now Mrs. Tayleure and the mother of Henry Chanfrau.

Minnie Baker is Mrs. Otis Shattuck.
Louise Balfé is now Mrs. Erlanger.

Maude Banks is the daughter of the late Gen. N. P. Banks.

Emily Bancker (deceased) was Mrs. W. H. Ryley.

Helen Bancroft is Nellie Van Dorn.
Octavia Barbe is Mrs. Barry Johnstone.

(To be continued next month.)



A VALUABLE VALENTINE.

Oh, February, '99,
You bring to me a valentine
That gives me thrills
And sweetly fills
My heart with rapture that's divine!

The February winds, like wine,
Blow on her cheeks and make them shine;
They also show
Her form, you know—
The picture shows that that is fine.

But sorrow, heavy and condign,
Light on me if I make her pine!
And would that she
Would marry me
This February, '99!

STEPHEN STOPPER.



MRS. GREENCORN COBBE, the beauty of the season, has lost a pair of garters. Suspicion has been directed towards her husband, but it is hoped the matter will be hushed up. Let us have no scandals in society, please.

OWING to the increase of indigestion among the 400, cake-walks will in future be tabooed.

AMONG the society events planned for the coming season is another Seeley dinner, in which Captain Chapman has been invited to pose as Clara Betz. No winds will blow.

THE élite of Hoboken was present on Wednesday at the coming-out party of Miss Gretchen Hobbengobben, and the affair has been declared to be the event of the season. Liverwurst with pumpnickel was the pièce de resistance, but, with every guest hungry, resistance was in vain. The Baron Pillywilly from foreign shores gave an amusing imitation of a man drinking beer constantly, and all present voted him a great wag. Favors of cardboard pretzels were a great surprise.

A HOUSE-WARMING party, which proved to be highly successful, took place at Mr. Snollyposh's

residence Monday last. The kitchen chimney caught fire, and so did the house, the guests barely escaping with their lives. Mrs. Snollyposh was heartily congratulated.

MRS. PIECEMEAL will give a reception this month to Count Sugar di Fumfa, of Lombroso, Italy. The count will write a book on the United States, and he doesn't want his elbow jogged. The count has been living recently in New Jersey and has a touch of malaria; also another kind of touch, but he swears he will return the money.

FOLLOWING the hounds is a recent society fad at Northeastchester. This does not refer to the young men who didn't go to the war.

THE TATTLER.



HE—I hear some clergymen are opposed to round dances.
SHE—Well, I suppose dancing, like everything else, ought to be on the square.



THERE is nothing like a seasonable book, unless it's another seasonable book. "Valentines for the Vicious," by Vivian Vugge (peculiar name, I think) is a venture-some volume of variegated valentines, with vernacular versifications, vivid and vital. Why for the vicious is not exactly an easy thing to understand unless it is because many of them are more or less libellous; this, for instance:

Aw, gwan, yer great big stuff,
What the h—I d'yer mean?
D'yer think I don't see t'rough yer bluff?
Yer slob, yer lobsterene!

Somehow that hardly seems polite to me,

but I don't know. I may be wrong. I am unduly refined.

"Society Flipflops" by Pinkerton Sloanerbilt, a book that has been awaited with much expectation, is out at last. It is very interesting, and contains a list of all the scandals of the 400. It seems to me, on first blush, a blooming shame that the peccadilloes of our great and esteemed upper clawsses should be laid bare to the

eyes of a low and ignorant middle clawss—a lot of people who haven't got a million dollars apiece, and who, therefore must be awfully common, but as long as such books are printed, so long will they be read. More's the pity.



Photograph by Chickering, Boston, Mass.

MAUDE ODELL,

Who looks well in an evening waist and can act some.

We do not care much for philosophy, but we consider it our duty to read it when it comes in for review. That is why we have waded through "The Improbability of The 'Ugh!'" as compared with the rootytilootiness of the flat-bottomed hotel-porter." Chuck Brodie, the author, must be a great scholar, or he could never have written such a book. It's full of philosophical prunes. The price, \$467.94, is low, and has evidently been cut down by some department store.



REGGIE AUGUSTUS P. SOUKERKOVEN.

The eminent American operatic composer, assisted by the shades, bows his acknowledgments to the audience on the first night of "Pyp-pyp, the Minstrel; or, the Prize Piccolo Player of Providence."



Photographs by Thorp, San Francisco, Cal.

NANCE O'NEILL IN SEVERAL MOODS, ALL SERIOUS.

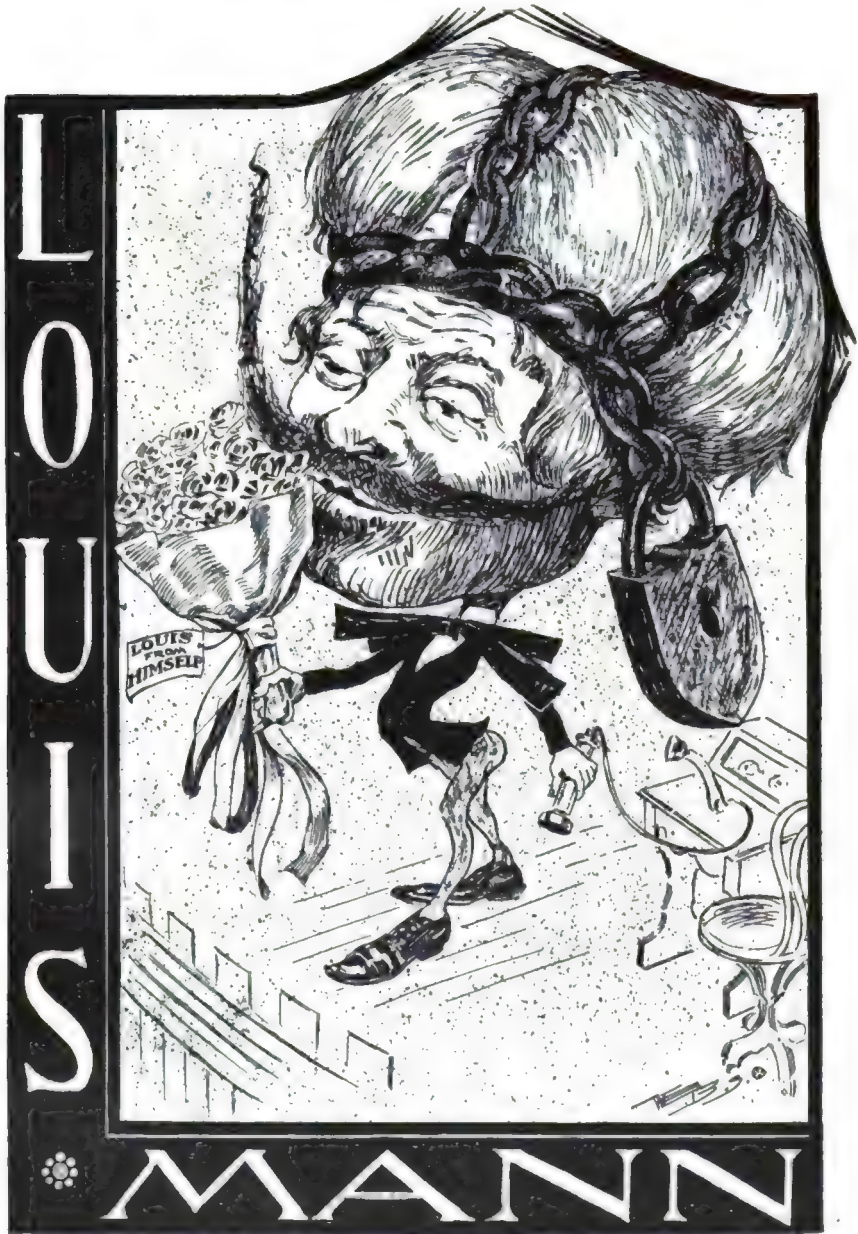
Miss O'Neill is one of the best little frowners on the American stage to-day. She can look hurt in more languages than are spoken in the East Side and she is never so happy as when harrowing our feelings. If she does not eventually become a really great tragedienne she will disappoint the wise ones.



A LITTLE LAWYER WITH A BIG REPUTATION.

Drawn, but not from life, by Arthur A. Barclay.

Broadway Magazine Caricatures.



ONE OF AMERICA'S GREATEST ACTORS.

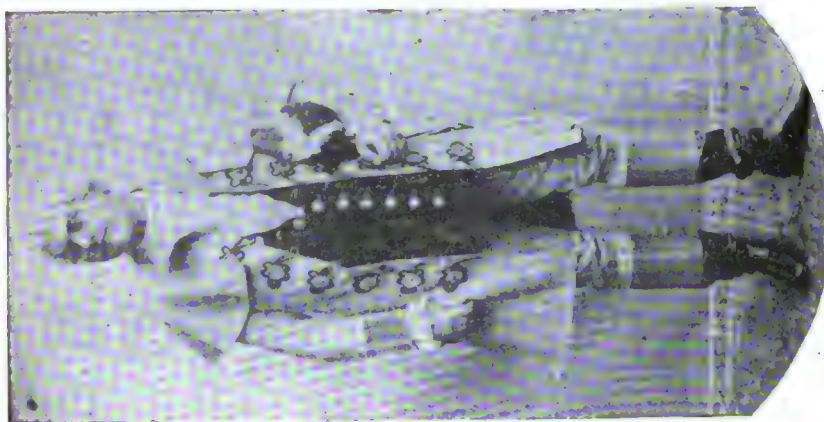
(Drawn not especially from life by W. E. B. Starkweather.)



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EDOUARD DE REZKE.

THREE SINGERS WHOSE KLONDIKES ARE IN THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK.



Photograph by Operas, Paris.

VAN DYCK, THE NEW TENOR.

THREE SINGERS WHOSE KLONDIKES ARE IN THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK.



Copyright, 1894, by Alvin Dupont, New York.

EMMA JAMES STORY.

THREE SINGERS WHOSE KLONDIKES ARE IN THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ACTORS: EGOTISTICAL AND ARROGANT AS INDIVIDUALS.

THEY ARE ALSO INTELLIGENT AND GENEROUS AS A CLASS, SAYS MARION RUSSELL, THE YOUNG ACTRESS-AUTHORESS.

FREQUENTLY the question has been put to me:

"Why do you combine literature with the theatrical profession?"

Surely the reason is obvious, for there is scarcely an author of any note to-day who does not write his novel with the ultimate intention of utilizing it for stage purposes.

The greatest play successes of the present year are dramatizations of popular novels.

Is a literary career remunerative?

Well—

A feeling of security comes to me with the happy realization that my last Summer's shirt waists are paid for. As for the future—I shall have to use cheaper foolscap.

In these progressive days when a big paged paper, gorgeously illustrated, with a sheet of music thrown in, can be purchased for a mite of the realm's coin, who wants to pay fifty cents for a novel by an unknown author?

No, no; books—tons of books with no purchasers—a drug on the market.

And the foreign fad is still upon us—anything from the other side will win. So the young aspirant for literary fame hies herself to a cold hall bedroom and writes yards upon yards of stuff about

the Philippine Islands, or "How Things are Done in London."

In despair I gave up writing infantile stories and jumped to tales of ghosts,



MARION RUSSELL.
Who writes books when she isn't acting.

murders, vendettas, and such blood-curdling horrors. I write them because the public demands them, and the public is the judge every time.

MARION RUSSELL.



YOUNG WIFE—Well, what do you think of Mr. Mawl's picture of me?
 OLD HUSBIE—Splendid, if it weren't for the artist's wild imagination.
 YOUNG WIFE—What's that?
 OLD HUSBIE—He has painted your face with your mouth closed.

A FIT IMPENDING.

GERTIE—Papa, will our new mama go mad after a while?

FATHER—What a question? Why do you think such a thing?

GERTIE—Well, I heard her tell the cook yesterday that she got badly bitten when she married you!

WHAT T'ELL.

WIFE (*with a determined air*)—I want to see that letter.

HUSBAND—What letter?

WIFE—That one you just opened. I know by the handwriting that it is from a woman, and you turned pale when you read it. I will see it! Give it to me, sir!

HUSBAND—Here it is. It's your milliner's bill.

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

AFFABLE WIDOW—Do you know, Mr. Easywon, my daughter Maud has set her eyes most lovingly on you?

MR. EASYWON (*much flattered*)—Has she, really? I have always considered her a sweet girl.

AFFABLE WIDOW—Yes,

only to-day she said, "That's the sort of gentleman I should like for my papa?"



Photographs by Falk, New York, and Stebbing, Paris.

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Who has been lightening dull care at Koster & Bial's Music Hall, New York.

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DIAMONDS
AS TO
LOOKS AND
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SARAH BERNHARDT.

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It contains over **THREE HUNDRED** pictures pertaining directly to the war, some of which are exclusive photographs of the principal actors in the struggle, together with masterly drawings and pictures of the scenes and incidents that form so glorious a part of America's history.

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There are spirited pictures by Philip A. Johnson whose "Fierce Charge of the Gallant Seventy-first up San Juan Hill," attracted so much attention throughout the country.

The pictures of the men whose names are emblazoned on the American scroll of honor and in the hearts of every patriot alone form an album such as cannot be secured in any other way.

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It will be sent on receipt of price until the supply is exhausted. Owing to the scarcity of the first numbers of this volume only a limited number are to be had at any price. The price is so low that the publishers must ask those who order to pay expressage on receipt of the volume.

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WANTED:— SOME APRIL NUMBERS OF THE BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

The publishers of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE will send the Holiday and January numbers of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE in exchange for copies of the April number sent to this office on or before March 1st, 1909. In sending us April number, forward postal card giving name, address, etc., etc.

BROADWAY PUBLISHING COMPANY, 1123 Broadway, New York City.

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Can you use any of the illustrations in the BROADWAY MAGAZINE for newspapers, circulars or other printed matter? If so, let us know what you want and we will name you a price.

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Only a limited number of these proofs have been pulled, so send your order at once and the proof or proofs will be forwarded to you in a cardboard case.

Address, Business Manager, Broadway Publishing Company, 1123 Broadway, New York City.



Photographs by Eddowes Bros., New York.

IRMA LA PIER,

A pretty young woman who has been playing *Marianne*, in "A Bachelor's Honeymoon," on the road.

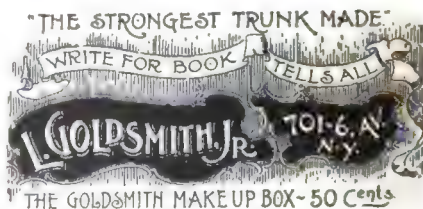
Miss La Pier is young. That she's not unpretty, you can see for yourself.

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Book-keeper for the
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—OF THE—

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The BROADWAY MAGAZINE is in the market for good pictures.

If you think you have a drawing that is bright, smart and thoroughly Broadwayesque, send it along for examination.

If you don't think so, don't send it. We do not care for anything that is tame and uninteresting.

BROADWAY PUBLISHING COMPANY, 1123 Broadway, New York City.

ORIGINALS FOR SALE.

Some of the originals of the photographs and drawings which appear from month to month in the BROADWAY MAGAZINE are for sale.

Many of them make handsome pictures for framing, while others are especially suited for decorating the walls of bachelors' apartments, rooms of students at college, etc., etc.

Write for price, naming those originals which you would like to procure.

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BACK NUMBERS OF THE BROADWAY MAGAZINE.



A BACK NUMBER.

Edna Lyle, Ada Potter, Rosalie Welles, Maude Hoffman, Rosalie Knott, Gretchen Doerk, Leona Luke, and Miss Dixon. There's a rattling good story about an actress and her ménage. And there's an interesting article (with picture) about William R. Hearst, known pretty well as editor of the *New York Journal*. And there are Cuban beauties, and—and—well, it's only 10 cents to see what else.

OCTOBER.—October, sober—but not in the *BROADWAY MAGAZINE*. No. jolly and merry. Look at the full-pages of Alice Judson, Maude King, Lola Hawthorne, Clara Betz (with story about her astonishing poses), Yolande Wallace, Catherine Linyard, Jennie Hawley, Hope Booth, Marie Tempest, Jessica Sheldon, Mabel Bouton, Josie DeWitt, Elizabeth Padgett. Astonishing editorials. Attractive cover. **Price 10 cents.**

NOVEMBER.—In this there are full-pages of Phyllis Young, Vashti Earl, Rosa Masso, Marie Celeste, Carrie Fulton, Marie Studholme, Imogene Comer, Mignon Haun, and Rose Le Moyné. There are some striking theatrical posters by Archie Gunn and others. That very naughty farce "The Turtle" is written up and illustrated as no other magazine could do it. The story "When Passion Leads the Way" is full of power. You see, too, Weber's and Fields' faces, and also those of some well-known New York newspaper artists. **Price 10 cents.**

REMEMBER!

The above does not comprise everything. There are hosts of features that we can only refer to in the space allowed us. For instance, the "Tales of Broadway," one in each number, are great! And then there's the Red Soubrette's giddy gossip, to say nothing of the Man on Broadway's "Gin Fizzes and Things." As for Percival Pash's poems, say—well, the tongue is too full for utterance or something. And the Broadway Silhouettes, too. But we must stop, or we'll tell you everything. **Copies sent postpaid for price named.**

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Did you get a copy of the sparkling HOLIDAY NUMBER? If not, you missed the most striking and beautiful magazine on the stands. The publishers have a few more left at regular price, 10 cents.

(The first number, April, is now out of print. The first number of no other monthly magazine was ever sold out as has been this issue of the *BROADWAY MAGAZINE*.)

MAY.—Full page pictures of Helen Dupont, Lillian Russell, Marie Vallean, Gertrude Rivers, Mae Bradley, Gerome Edwardy, Merri Osborne, and Effie Shannon. Also a story about Archie Gunn and his work. Also a picture of Alan Dale. Also some brilliantly illustrated articles of general interest. Only a few copies left. **Price 25 cents per copy.**

JUNE.—Cover shows Anna Held looking devilish. Full page pictures of Zelma Rawiston, Ada Dare, Clarise Agnew, Belle Harper, Dorothy Uner, Louise Hepner, Ursula Garnett, Louise Boucicault, Ada Rehan, Nella Bergen, and the Hengler Sisters. There's an illustrated article about the artist George B. Luks and his comical cartoons, and some of Aubrey Beardsley's weird works. A story about Greek costume. Four breezy French girls. **Price 10 cents.**

JULY.—This is the bathing season number and it makes you think of cool drinks and warm nights and lots of things pertaining to merry summer. Yes. The cover starts with two sweet young birdies in dazzling raiment. There are full page pictures of Beale Carl, Paula Edwardes, La Liska the dancer, Felicia Baranca, Deyo, Nellie Sarony, Tetina, Isabel Irving, Gladys Wallis, Nina Morris, A Little Bunch of Rice (very tasty, indeed; very tasty), Grace Hoyer, Marie Halton, Della Pringle, Nellie Hawthorne, Edna May, and Madeline Bouton. Besides these attractions are a series of Reutlinger photographs of bathing girls and others, and some snapshots of Broadway habitués taken by Les Harrison. **Price 10 cents.**

AUGUST.—On the red cover of the August number are Marguerite Sylva and Irene Vera who pose as roof-garden divinities. Inside are full pages showing Olga Harrison, Anna Belmont, Kathryn Osterman, Irene Vera, Helen Merrill, Helen Potter, Sadie Martindale, Katherine Foote (Lucille of that ilk), Camille Cleveland, Amélie Rives, Laura Williams (now Mrs. General Merritt), Edna Wallace Hopper, Madge Lessing, Rachel Ford, Maude Hollins, Princess Chimay (you've heard of her), Virginia Earle, Marie Jansen, and Belle Livingstone. August being a hot month, the magazine is proportionately—cool. But buy it and read for yourself. **Price 10 cents.**

SEPTEMBER.—Cute little E. W. Hopper is on the cover in blue ink and beauty. Inside is "Just a Little Dash of Black," a daguerrotype effect of a shapely lady. September has full-page portraits of Minnie Bridges, Gertrude Zella, Beesie Sutherland, Rose Coehlan, Patrice, Fougère, Edna Wallace Hopper, Madge Lessing, Rachel Ford, Maude Hollins, Princess Chimay (you've heard of her), Virginia Earle, Marie Jansen, and Belle Livingstone. August being a hot month, the magazine is proportionately—cool. But buy it and read for yourself. **Price 10 cents.**

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NAIL THIS WHERE YOU CAN SEE IT!

The Broadway Magazine for 1899 will be the Breeziest Periodical Published in the World.

The publishers of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE take this opportunity of stating that they have made arrangements for a number of pictorial and literary features for the coming year which will insure this publication being absolutely the most unique, beautiful and satisfying monthly periodical on the news stands.



In the first place, the BROADWAY MAGAZINE will retain every feature that has already made it the smartest of monthly publications.

The covers will, as in the past, strike the eye and rivet attention at once.

The footlights in all their varying phases will receive the fullest attention.

Its jokes in picture and point will amuse without instructing.

The Red Soubrette will continue to tell saucy truths in a saucy way.

"Tales of Broadway" will be continued from month to month.

The *Man on Broadway* will give his bright and exclusive gossip of the street.

Society as it exists—also as it does not exist—will be playfully handled by a man who doesn't know the difference between a swallow tail coat and a buffalo robe.

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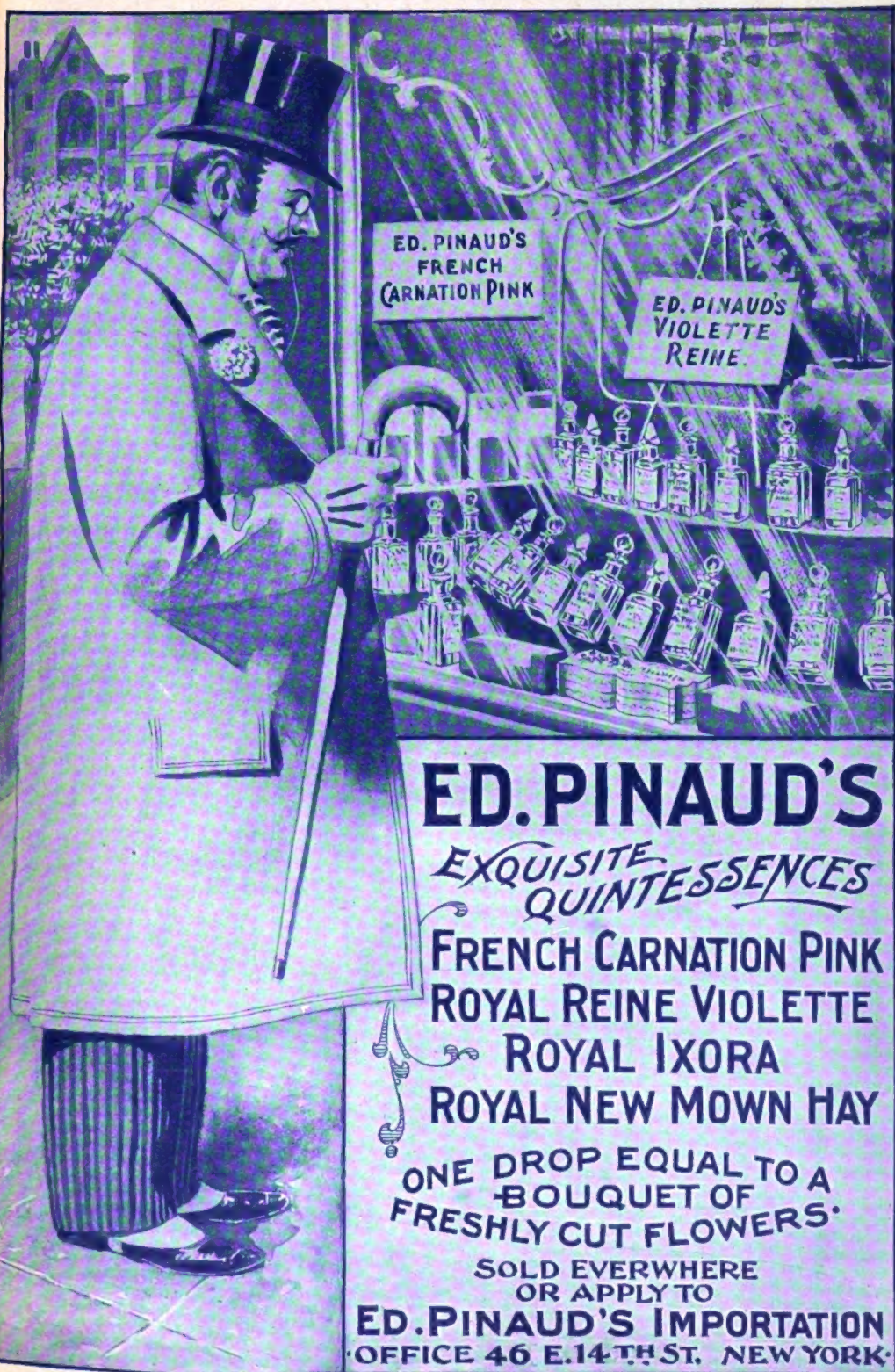
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